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MADE IN ENGLAND

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A Farmer's Son so sweet.

SOMERSET.

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Moderato e semplice.

1. A farm - er's son so sweet Was keep - ing of his sheep, And care - less fell a - sleep, While his lambs were playing.

2. A fair young la - dy gay, By chance she came that way. And found a - sleep he lay, Whom she loved so dear.

3. She kissed his lips so sweet,
As he lay fast asleep.
I fear my heart will break
For you, my dear.

4. She said: Awake, I pray,
The sun is on the hay;
Your flock will go astray
From you, my dear.

5. He woke with great surprise
Beheld her handsome eyes.
Like an angel from the skies
She did appear.

6. For your sweet sake alone,
I wandered from my home:
My friends are dead and gone:
I am left alone.

7. His flock he laid a - side: Made her his gen - tle bride. In wed-lock she was tied To the farm-er's son.

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Admiral Benbow.

SOMERSET.

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3.

Says Kirby unto Wade: we will run, we will run,
Says Kirby unto Wade: we will run.
For I value no disgrace, nor the losing of my place,
But the enemy I won't face, nor his guns, nor his guns.

4.

The Ruby and Benbow fought the French, fought the French,
The Ruby and Benbow fought the French.
They fought them up and down, till the blood came trickling down,
Till the blood came trickling down, where they lay, where they lay

5.

Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot, by chain shot,
Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot.
Brave Benbow lost his legs, and all on his stumps he begs.
Fight on my English lads, 'tis our lot, 'tis our lot.

6.

The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow, cries Benbow—
The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow:
Let a cradle now in haste on the quarter deck be placed,
That the enemy I may face, till I die, till I die.

As I walked through the meadows.

SOMERSET.

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Allegretto con grazia.

1. As I walked thro' the meadows to

Doh = A.

{‖ s₁ .s₁ |l₁ :l₁ :l₁ |s₁ :m₁ :s₁ }

Allegretto con grazia. ♩. = 60.

mf *p* *p*

take the fresh air, The flow-ers were bloom-ing and gay; . . . I

{|l₁ :l₁ :l₁ |s₁ :— :s₁ |d :d :d |s :m :d |r :— :— |— :— :m }

heard a young dam-sel so sweet-ly a-sing-ing, Her cheeks like the blos-som in

{|d :d :d |d :r :m |s₁ :s₁ :s₁ |s₁ :f :f |m :r :d |s₁ :l₁ :t₁ }

cres. *mf*

May. . . . I said: Pret-ty maid-en, shall I go with you Thro' the

{|d :— :— |— : :s₁ |l₁ :l₁ :l₁ |s₁ :m₁ :s₁ |l₁ :l₁ :l₁ |s₁ :— :s₁.s₁}

p

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mea-dows to ga-ther some may? . . . The maid she re-pli-ed: My

{|d :d :d |s :m :d |r :— :— |— :— :m |d :d :d |d :r :m }

mf

path it is here, I pray you pur-sue your own way. . . .

{|s₁ :s₁ :s₁ |s₁ :— :f |m :r :d |s₁ :l₁ :t₁ |d :— :— |— :— : }

dim. *cres.*

f *dim.* *p*

2.

So she trip-ped along with her dear little feet,
But I followed and soon I drew near;
I called her so pretty, my true love so sweet,
That she took me at last for her dear.
I took the fair maid by the lily-white hand,
On the green mossy bank we sat down,
I gave her a kiss on her sweet rosy lips:
A tree spread its branches around.

3.

Now when we did rise from that green bushy grove,
In the meadows we wandered away,
And I placed my true love on a primèrose bank,
While I picked her a handful of may.
The very next morning I made her my bride,
Just after the breaking of day;
The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing
As I crowned her the Queen of sweet May.

Brennan on the Moor.

SOMERSET.

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2 A brace of loaded pistols he did carry night and day,
He never robbed a poor man all on the King's highway;
But what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black Bess,
He always did divide between the widows in distress.
Bold and undaunted, &c.

3 One day he robbed a packman and his name was Pedlar Bawn;
They travelled on together till the day began to dawn;
The pedlar found his money gone, likewise his watch and chain,
He at once encountered Brennan and he robbed him back again.
Bold and undaunted, &c.

4 When Brennan saw the pedlar was as good a man as he,
He took him on the highway his companion to be;
The pedlar threw away his pack without any delay,
And proved a faithful comrade bold unto his dying day.
Bold and undaunted, &c.

5 One day upon the King's highway as Willie he sat down,
He met the Mayor of Cashel just a mile outside the town;
The Mayor he knew his features bold: O you're my man, said he,
I think you're William Brennan, you must come along with me.
Bold and undaunted, &c.

6 Now Willie's wife had been to town provisions for to buy,
And when she saw her Willie she began to sob and cry;
He said: Give me that tenpence!* And as quick as Willie spoke,
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.
Bold and undaunted, &c.

7 Now with this loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
He made the Mayor to tremble, and he robbed him of his gold;
A hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there,
But he with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.
Bold and undaunted, &c.

8 He lay among the fern all day, 'twas thick upon the field,
And many wounds he did receive before that he would yield;
He was captured and found guilty, and the judge made this reply:
For robbing on the King's highway you are condemned to die.
Bold and undaunted, &c.

* A rebel term for a musket in 1798.

Bingo.

SOMERSET.

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Allegro moderato.

1. There was an old dog, and he lived at the mill, And Bin - go was his
3. The mill - er, he went to town one day, And bought a wed - ding

Doh = A.

{ :s, | d :d :d | s, :s, :s, | l, :l, :l, | m, :— :m, | f, :— :r, | s, :— :t, }

Allegro moderato. ♩. = 108.

p

name, Sir. B I N G O. Bang her and bop her, and
ring, O. R I N G, O. Bang her and bop her, and

{ | r :— :— | d :— : | m :— :— | m :— :d | f :— :— | r :— : | d :d :d | d :d :d }

kick her and kop her, And Bin - go was his name, Sir. You sing bang her, and
kick her and kop her, And Ring, O, was its name, Sir. You sing bang her, and

{ | d :d :d | d :d :d | f :— :f | r :— :s | m :— :— | d :— : | m :— :d | s, :s, :s, }

mf

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I'll sing bop her, And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her, And
I'll sing bop her, And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her, And

{ | f :— :r | s, :s, :s, | m :— :d | s, :s, :s, | f :— :r | s, :s, :s, }

bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her, And Bin - go was his
bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her, And Ring, O was its

{ | d :d :d | d :d :d | d :d :d | d :d :d | f :— :f | r :— :s }

f

name, Sir. 2. The
name, Sir. 4. Now,

{ | m :— :— | d :— : | : : | : : | : : | : :s, }

mf *dim.*

mill - er, he bought him a bar - rel of ale, And called it right good
is not this a pret - ty tale? I say it is, by

{ | d :d | s, :s, :s, | l, :l, :l, | m, :— :m, | f, :— :r, | s, :— :t, }

p

Stin - go. S T I N G O. Bang her and bop her, and
Jin - go. J I N G O. Bang her and bop her, and

mf

kick her and kop her, And Stin - go was its name, Sir. You sing bang her, and
kick her and kop her, And say it is, by Jin - go. You sing bang her, and

sfz *f*

I'll sing bop her, And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her, And bang her and bop her, and
I'll sing bop her, And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her, And bang her and bop her, and

sfz

D.C.

kick her and kop her, And Stin - go was its name, Sir.
kick her and kop her, And say it is, by Jin - go.

D.C.

FINE.

Come all you worthy Christian men.

SOMERSET.

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Andante maestoso.

1. Come all you wor - thy
3. all you wor - thy

Lah = F. *Doh* = A♭.

Andante maestoso. ♩ = 76.

p *p*

8ves ad lib.

Chris - tian men That dwell up - on . . this land, Don't
Chris - tian men That are so ve - ry poor, Re -

spend your time in . . ri - - ot - ing: Re - mem - ber you're but
- mem - ber how poor Laz - - a - rus Lay at the rich man's

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man. Be.. watch - ful for your lat - ter end; Be
door, While beg - ging of the crumbs of bread That

cres. mf

rea - dy when you're called. There are ma - ny chan - ges
from his ta - ble fell. The Scrip - tures do in -

dim. p

- form us all That in hea - ven he doth dwell. 2. Now,
in this world; Some rise, while o - thers fall. 4. The

dim. p sotto voce.

Job he was a.. pa - tient man, The rich - est in.. the
time, a - las, it.. soon will come When part - ed we.. shall

East: When he was brought to pov - er - ty, His sor - rows soon in -
be; But all the dif - f'rence it will make Is in joy and mis - er -

legato. p

- creased. He bore them all most pa - tient - ly; From sin he did re -
- y. And we must give a strict ac - count Of great as well as

cres. f dim.

- frain; He al - ways trust - ed in the Lord; He soon got rich a -
small: Be - lieve me, now, dear Chris - tian friends, That God will judge us

cres. dim. p

1st time. 2nd time.

- gain. 3. Come all.

sfz dim. e morendo. L.H. p

B

Dashing away with the smoothing iron.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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2.

'Twas on a Tuesday morning,
When I beheld my darling;
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree;
She looked so neat and nimble, O,
A-hanging out her linen, O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

(*The lines in Italics are repeated in every verse.*)

3.

'Twas on a Wednesday morning, &c.
A-starching of her linen, O, &c.

4.

'Twas on a Thursday morning, &c.
A-ironing of her linen, O, &c.

5.

'Twas on a Friday morning, &c.
A-folding of her linen, O, &c.

6.

'Twas on a Saturday morning, &c.
A-airing of her linen, O, &c.

7.

'Twas on a Sunday morning, &c.
A-wearing of her linen, O, &c.

Down by the Riverside.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams.

London: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, Limited: New York: THE H. W. GRAY CO., Sole Agents for the U.S.A.

* Start last verse here.

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2.

"What | makes you sigh and | cry,
My | fair pretty maid," said | I,
"I'm la-|-menting for my | own true love,
I'm la-|-menting, sighing, | crying, for my | own true | love."

3.

Now she has got | wed,
And | all her sorrow | fled,
She's a-|-living with her | own true love,
She is | laughing, dancing, | singing with her | own true | love.

Farmyard Song.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams.

London: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, Limited; New York: THE H. W. GRAY CO., Sole Agents for the U.S.A.

Allegretto.

Doh = G.

1. I had a lit-tle cock and the cock pleased me, I

Allegretto.

p

fed my cock down un - der the tree; The cock went cock - er - y crow. . . . .

Join in ev - 'ry neighbours cock and my cock well done too, And its

1*st time.*

f risoluto.

2*nd time.*

too. 2. I had a lit - tle hen and the hen pleased me, I

p

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fed my hen down un - der the tree! The hen went chipple chap, the

cock went cock - er - y crow. . . . . Join in ev - 'ry

f

1*st time.*

neigh - bours cock and my cock well done too, And its

2*nd time.*

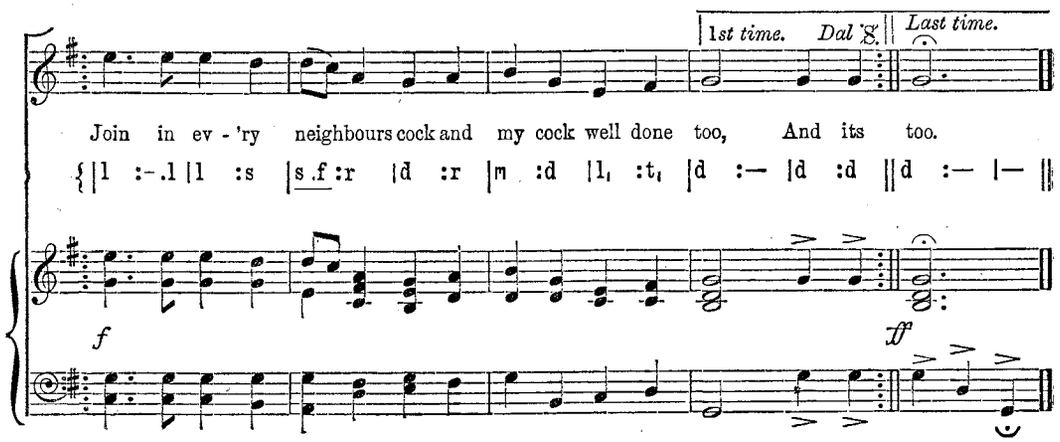
𝄋 *Verses* 3—10.

too. I had a lit - tle { chick / duck / glinny / goose / dog / pig / cat / turkey } and the { chick / duck / glinny / goose / dog / pig / cat / turkey } pleased me, I

𝄋

p

Play once for verse 3, *twice for verse* 4, *eight times for verse* 10. *The lines to be sung in reverse order to that in which they are printed.*



GREEN BROOM.

Green Broom.

SOMERSET.

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3.

Then Jack he did rise and did sharpen his knives,
And he went to the woods cutting broom, green broom;
To market and fair, crying everywhere:
O fair maids, do you want any broom, green broom?
O fair maids, do you want any broom?

4.

A lady sat up in her window so high,
And she heard Johnny crying green broom, green broom;
She rung for her maid and untò her she said:
O go fetch me the lad that cries broom, green broom,
O go fetch me the lad that cries broom.

5.

Then John he came back, and upstairs he did go,
And he entered that fair lady's room, her room.
Dear Johnny, said she, O can yòu fancy me,
Will you marry a lady in bloom, in bloom?
Will you marry a lady in bloom?

6.

Then John gave consent, and untò the church went,
And he married this lady in bloom, in bloom.
Said she: I protest there is none in the West
Is so good as the lad who sells broom, green broom,
Is so good as the lad who sells broom.

Heave away, my Johnny.

SOMERSET.

CHANTY. Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A

Allegretto grazioso. (CHANTY.)

Doh = A.

1. As I walked out one fine morn-ing All

Allegretto grazioso. ♩. =76.

p

(CHORUS.)

in the month of May, Heave a - way, . . . my John - ny, Heave a -

mf

(CHANTY.)

- way. . . . . I o - ver-took a fair pret-ty maid, And

p

(CHORUS.)

un - to her did say. Heave a - way, . . . my jol - ly boys, We're

f

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(CHANTY.)

all bound a - way. 2. O where are you go - ing to, my pret-ty maid? I

dim. *p*

(CHORUS.)

un - to her did say. Heave a - way, . . . my John - ny, Heave a -

mf *f*

(CHANTY.)

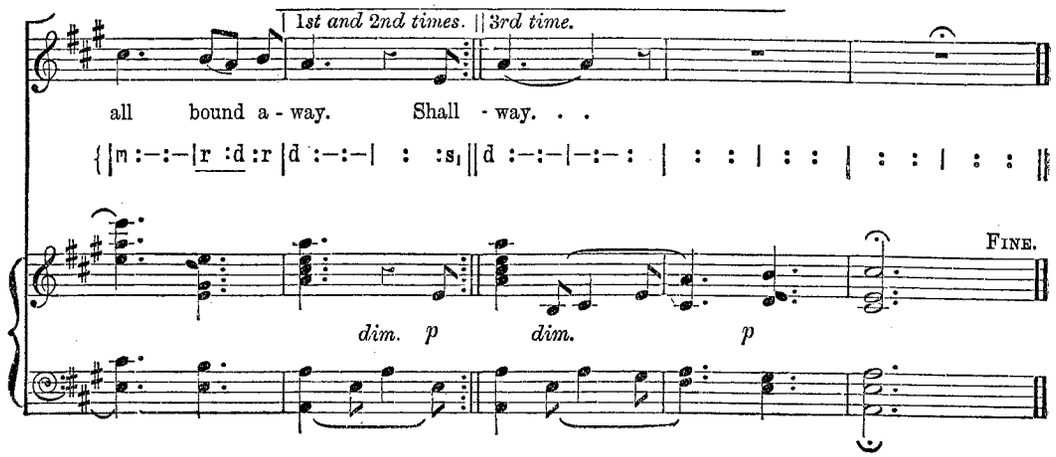
- way. . . . . I'm go - ing a milk - ing, sir, she said, All

p

(CHORUS.)

in the month of May. Heave a - way, . . . my jol - ly boys, We're

mf *f*



VERSES 3 AND 4.

3 *Chanty.* Shall I go with you, my fair pretty maid?
I unto her did say.
Chorus. Heave away, my Johnny,
Heave away.
Chanty. O yes, if you please, kind sir, she said,
All in the month of May.
Chorus. Heave away, my jolly boys,
We're all bound away.

4 *Chanty.* O what is your father, my pretty maid?
I unto her did say.
Chorus (*as before*).
Chanty. My father's a farmer, kind sir, she said,
All in the month of May.
Chorus (*as before*).

VERSES 5 AND 6.

5 *Chanty.* O what is your fortune, my fair pretty maid.
I unto her did say.
Chorus (*as before*).
Chanty. My face is my fortune, sir, she said,
All in the month of May.
Chorus (*as before*).

6 *Chanty.* Then I cannot marry you, my pretty maid
I unto her did say.
Chorus (*as before*).
Chanty. Nobody asked you, sir, she said,
All in the month of May.
Chorus (*as before*).

I WILL GIVE MY LOVE AN APPLE.

I will give my Love an Apple.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected by H. E D. Hammond.
Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams.

London : Novello and Company, Limited ; New York : The H. W. Gray Co., Sole Agents for the U.S.A.

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I'm Seventeen come Sunday.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Con spirito.

1. As I walked out one May morn-ing, One
2. Her shoes were bright, her stock-ings white, Her

Doh = D.

{‖ s | l :s | l :f | r :r | r :m .f }

Con spirito. ♩ = 116.

ff *f* *sfz* *mf*

May morn-ing so ear - ly, I . . o - ver - took a hand-some maid, Just . .
buck - les shone like sil - ver; She . . had a black and roll - ing eye, And her

{ | s :m | d :m | s :l | l :-.t | d' :l | d' :r' | d' :l.t | d' :— | t :-.d' }

sfz

as the sun was ri - sing.
hair hung down her shoulder.
With my rue dum day, fol the diddle dol, Fol the dol the

{ | l :m | r :d | l :t | d' :m | f :r | r :— | m .f :s .m | d :— | f :-.s | l :-.ta }

staccato. *cres.*

diddle dum the day.

3. How old are you, my fair pretty maid? How

{ | l .f :m .f | r :— | : | : | : | ‖ s | l :s | l :f | r :r .r | r :m .f }

ff *f* *mf*

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old are you, my hon - ey? She . . an-swered me right cheer - ful - ly: I am

{ | s :m | d :m | s :l | l :-.t | d' :l | d' :r' | d' :l.t | d' :— | t :-.d' }

f

sev - en - teen come Sun - day. With my rue dum day, fol the diddle dol,

{ | l :m | r :d | l :t | d' :m | f :r | r :— | m .f :s .m | d :— }

sfz *sfz* *mf*

D.C. (*without repeat*). FINE.

Fol the dol the diddle dum the day.

{ | f :-.s | l :-.ta | l .f :m .f | r ‖ | : | : | : | : | : | : ‖

f *ff* *sfz* *sfz*

4 Can you love me, my fair pretty maid?
Will you marry me, my honey?
She answered me right cheerfully:
I dare not for my mammy.
With my rue dum day, &c.

5 I went down to her mammy's house;
The moon was shining clearly,
I sang beneath her window pane:
Your soldier loves you dearly.
With my rue dum day, &c.

6 O soldier, will you marry me?
For now's your time or never:
For if you do not marry me,
My heart is broke for ever.
With my rue dum day, &c.

7 And now she is the soldier's wife;
And sails across the brine, O!
The drum and fife is my delight,
And a merry man is mine, O!
With my rue dum day, fol the diddle dol,
Fol the dol the diddle dum the day.

King Herod and the Cock.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Moderato.

Lah = G. *Doh* = B♭.

1. There was a star in

Moderato.

p e legato.

Da - vid's land, In Da - vid's land ap - peared: And in King Her - od's

mf

cham - ber So bright it did shine there. 2. The

p *p*

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Wise Men they soon spi - ed it, And told the King a - nigh That a

Prince - ly Babe was born that night, No King shall e'er de - stroy.

cres. *f*

3. If this be the truth, King Her - od said, That thou hast told to

mf

f il basso marcato 8ve ad lib.

me, The roast - ed cock that lies in the dish Shall crow full sen - ses

cres.

three. 4. O the cock soon thrustened and

fea - thered well, By the work of God's own hand, And

he did crow full sen - ses three In the dish where he . . did

stand.

MY BOY BILLY.

My Boy Billy.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected and Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams.

London: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, Limited; New York: THE H. W. GRAY CO., Sole Agents for the U.S.A.

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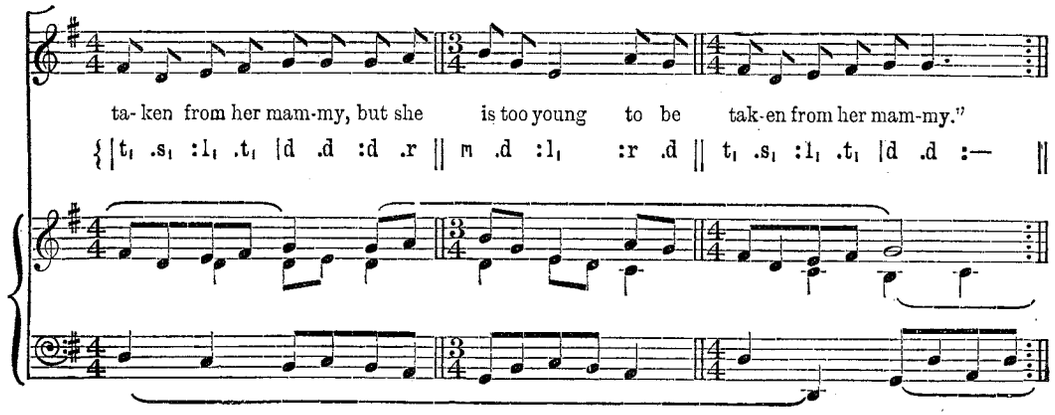

2.

"Can she | bake, or can she brew?
| My boy Billy,
Can she | bake, or can she brew?
| Pretty Billy, tell me."
"She can | brew and she can bake,
She can | make a wedding cake,
But she | is too young to be | taken from her mammy."

3.

"Can she | cook a plate of fish?
| My boy Billy,
Can she | cook a plate of fish?
| Pretty Billy, tell me."
"She can | cook a plate of fish,
Put her | fingers in the dish,
But she | is to young to be | taken from her mammy."

4.

"Can she | make a feather bed?
| My boy Billy,
Can she | make a feather bed?
| Pretty Billy, tell me."
"She can | make a feather bed,
Fit for | any lady's head,
But she | is too young to be | taken from her mammy."

My man John.

SOMERSET

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

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court her without fear, And you will win the la - dy in the space of half a year; And

cres. mf

she will be your bride, your joy and your dear, And she will take a walk with you

più rall. più rall.

a tempo. (He.)

a - ny - - where.

3. O Madam, I will give to you a lit-tle grey-hound, And
7. O Madam, I will give to you a fine ivory comb, To
11. O Madam, I will give to you a cushion full of pins, To
15. O Madam, I will give to you the keys of my heart, To

p a tempo. p

ev - 'ry hair up - on its back shall cost a thousand pound, If . . you will be my bride, my
fast - en up your sil - ver locks when I am not at home, If . . you will be my bride, my
fast - en up your lit - tle ba - by's white mus - e - lins, If . . you will be my bride, my
lock it up for ev - er that we nev - er more may part, If . . you will be my bride, my

mf

joy and my dear, And you will take a walk with me a - ny - where.
joy and my dear, And you will take a walk with me a - ny - where.
joy and my dear, And you will take a walk with me a - ny - where.
joy and my dear, And you will take a walk with me a ny - where.

(She.)

4. O Sir, I won't ac - cept of you a lit - tle grey - hound, Though
8. O Sir, I won't ac - cept of you a fine i - vory comb, To
12. O Sir, I won't ac - cept of you a cushion full of pins, To
16. O Sir, I will ac - cept of you the keys of your heart, I'll

mf

ev - 'ry hair up - on its back did cost a thousand pound. I . . will not be your bride, your
fast - en up my sil - ver locks when you are not at home. I . . will not be your bride, your
fast - en up my lit - tle ba - by's white mus - e - lins. I . . will not be your bride, your
lock it up for ev - er and we nev - er more shall part. And I will be your bride, your

joy nor your dear, And neither will I walk with you an - y - where.
joy nor your dear, And neither will I walk with you an - y - where.
joy nor your dear, And neither will I walk with you an - y - where.
joy and your dear, And I will take a walk with you an - y - where.

cres. f

Last verse.
(He.)

17. My man John, here's fif - ty pounds for thee! I'd never have won this la - dy fair if it

f marcato. *mf*

hadn't 'a been for thee; For now she'll be my bride, my joy and my dear, And

marcato.

rall.

now she'll take a walk with me an - y - where.

cres. *f* *rall.*

O No John!

SOMERSET.

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Allegro moderato.

Doh is G.

1. On yon-der hill there

Allegro moderato. ♩=72.

mf *p*

stands a crea - ture; Who she is I do not know. I'll go and court her

mf

for her beau - ty; She must an - swer Yes or No. O No John!

f

No John! No John! No! 2. My fa - ther was a

mf *decres.* *p*

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3 O Madam, in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow.
Will you take me for your lover?
Madam, answer Yes or No.
O No John! No John! No John! No!

4 O Madam, I will give you jewels;
I will make you rich and free;
I will give you silken dresses.
Madam, will you marry me?
O No John! No John! No John! No!

5 O Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go?
O No John! No John! No John! No!

6 Then I will stay with you for ever,
If you will not be unkind.
Madam, I have vowed to love you;
Would you have me change my mind?
O No John! No John! No John! No!

O Waly, Waly

SOMERSET.

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3.

I put my hand into one soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find.
I pricked my finger right to the bone,
And left the sweetest flower alone.

4.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me.

5.

A ship there is and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in;
I know not if I sink or swim.

6.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

One man shall mow my meadow.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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* This bar must be played twice in the 2nd verse, three times in the 3rd verse and so on.

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2.

Three men shall mow my meadow,
Four men shall gather it together,
Four men, three men, two men, one man, and one more
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my gold together.

3.

Five men shall mow my meadow,
Six men shall gather it together,
Six men, five men, four men, three men, two men, one man, and one more
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my gold together.

(And so on *ad lib.*)

Spanish Ladies.

SOMERSET.

(Sea Chanty.)

Collected and Arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.

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2 We | hove our ship | to, with the | wind from sou'-|west, boys,
We | hove our ship | to, deep | soundings to | take;
'Twas | forty-five | fathoms with a | white sandy | bottom,
So we | squared our main | yard and up | channel did | make.
Chorus.—We will | rant, &c.

3 The | first land we | sighted was | call-ed the | Dodman,
Next | Rame Head off | Plymouth, off | Portsmouth the | Wight;
We | sail-ed by | Beachy, by | Fairlight and | Dover,
And | then we bore | up for the | South Foreland | light.
Chorus.—We will | rant, &c.

4 Then the | signal was | made for the | grand fleet to | anchor,
And | all in the | Downs that | night for to | lie;
Let | go your shank | painter, let | go your cat | stopper!
Haul | up your clew | garnets, let | tacks and sheets | fly!
Chorus.—We will | rant, &c.

5 Now | let ev'ry | man drink | off his full | bumper;
And | let ev'ry | man drink | off his full | glass;
We'll | sing and be | jolly and | drown melan-|-choly,
And | here's to the | health of each | true-hearted | lass.
Chorus.—We will | rant, &c.

The Briery Bush.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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N.B.—The above stanzas are repeated *ad libitum*, with the substitution of other relatives, *e.g.*, "mother," "brother," "sister," &c., for "father."

The arrival of the "true-love" brings the Song to a close with the following stanzas:—

5.

O | hangman stay thy | hand,
And | stay it for a | while,
For I | fancy I see my | true-love a-coming
A-|-cross the yonder | stile.

6.

O | true-love have | you my gold?
And | can you set me | free?
Or | are you come to | see me hung
All | on the gallows | tree?

7.

O | yes, I've brought thee | gold,
And | I can set thee | free;
And | I've not come to | see thee hung
All | on the gallows | tree.

8.

O the briery | bush,
That | pricks my heart so | sore;
Now | I've got out of the | briery bush,
I'll | never get in any | more.

The Carter.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected and Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A

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2.

As | every | evening I | go to my | bed,
The | thought of my | horses comes | into my | head;
I | rise the next | morning to | give them some | meat,
As | soon as I | can get my | shoes on my | feet.

3.

The | first was a | white horse, as | white as the | milk,
The | next was a | grey horse, as | soft as the | silk;
The | next was a | black horse, as | sleek as a | mole,
The | next was a | brown horse, like | diamonds did | show.

4.

As | I go a-|-driving all | on the high-|-way,
When | light goes my | load, then I | feed them with | hay;
And | give them some | water when we | come to a | pond;
And | after they've | drunk, boys, go | steady a-|-long.

5.

My | feet they grow | weary walk-|-ing by their | side;
I | said to my | mate "I will | get up and | ride,"
And, | as I was | riding, I | made a new | song,
And | as I did | sing it you must | learn it a-|-long.

The Coasts of High Barbary.

SOMERSET.

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3.

Then back up your topsails and heave your vessel to,
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
For we have got some letters to be carried home by you.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

4.

We'll back up our topsails and heave our vessel to;
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
But only in some harbour and along the side of you.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

5.

For broadside, for broadside, they fought all on the main;
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
Until at last the frigate shot the pirate's mast away.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

6.

For quarters! for quarters! the saucy pirate cried.
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
The quarters that we showed them was to sink them in the tide.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

7.

With cutlass and gun O we fought for hours three;
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
The ship it was their coffin, and their grave it was the sea.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

8.

But O! it was a cruel sight, and griev-ed us full sore,
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
To see them all a-drowning as they tried to swim to shore.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

The Crystal Spring.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Allegretto espressivo.

Doh = F.

1. Down by some crystal spring, where the night - in - gales sing, Most

Allegretto espressivo. ♩ = 69.

p e legato.

più rit. *a tempo.*

plea - sant it is, in sea - son, to hear the groves ring. Down by the riv - er

più rit. *a tempo.* *cres.*

side, a young cap - tain I es - pied, . . En - treating of . . his true love, for to

dim. *f* *marcato.*

più rit. *a tempo.*

be . . his bride. 2. Dear Phyl - lis, says he, can you fan - cy

più rit. *p* *a tempo.* *p* *cres.*

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più rit. *a tempo.*

me? All in your soft bow - ers a crown it shall be: And

dim. *più rit.* *p* *a tempo.*

you shall take no pain, I . . will you main - tain, . . My ship she's a -

cres. *dim.* *marcato.*

1st time. *2nd time.*

- load - ed just come in from Spain. 3. When- sea. . . . . .

dim. e rit. *p* *p*

3.

Whenever you dine, there you shall drink wine;
And so sweetly in the season then you shall be mine.
Like a lady so rare, I'll maintain you so fair;
There's no lady in the navy with you shall compare.

4.

If e'er I prove false to my soft little dove,
May the ocean turn desert; and the elements move;
For wherever I shall be, I'll be constant to thee,
My heart is no rover, if I rove through the sea.

The Female Highwayman.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected and Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams.

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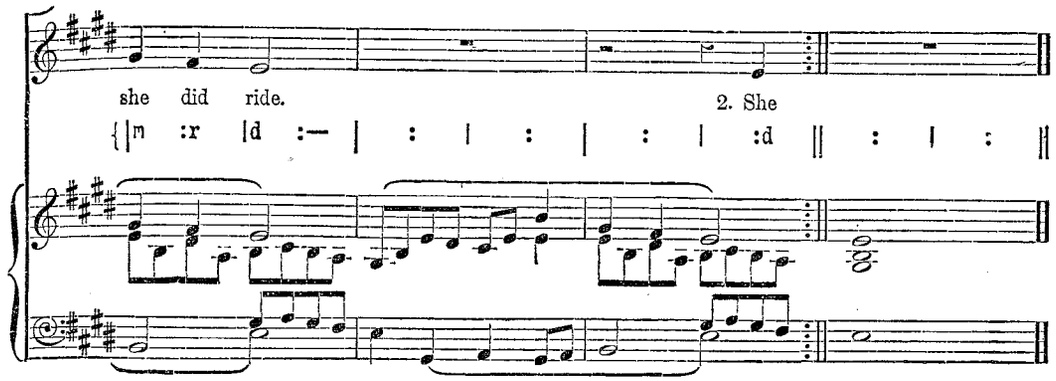

2.

She | met her true love all | in the plain,
"|Stand and deliver, kind | sir," she said,
| Stand and deliver, kind | sir," said she,
Or | else this moment | you shall die."

3.

Oh, | when she'd robbed him of | all his store,
She | says, "kind sir, there's | one thing more,
A | diamond ring which I | know you have,
De-|-liver that, your sweet | life to save."

4.

"The | diamond ring is a | token won,
I | will keep that if my | life I lose;"
She | being tender-hearted, just | like a dove,
She | rode away from | her true love.

5.

Next | morning in the | garden green,
O | like true lovers | they were seen;
He | saw his watch hang | by her clothes,
Which | made him flush like | a red rose.

6.

"What | makes you flush at so | silly a thing,
I | fain would have had your | diamond ring,
I | only did it | for to know,
Whe-|-ther you were a | man or no."

The Fox.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams.

London: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, Limited; New York: THE H. W. GRAY CO., Sole Agents for the U.S.A.

2 He | went on till he | came to a yard,
Where | there were fat ducks and | geese to be had,
He | swore the fattest should | grease his beard,
Be-|-fore he lay down in his| den, O!

3 He | took the grey goose | by the neck,
And | up he threw her a-|-cross his back,
And | as he went along she | went, "Quack, quack,"
And | her legs hung dangling | down, O!

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The Holly and the Ivy.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

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2.

The | holly bears a | blossom,
As | white as the lily | flower;
And | Mary bore sweet | Jesus Christ,
To | be our sweet Sa- | -viour.
The | rising, etc.

3.

The | holly bears a | berry,
As | red as any | blood;
And | Mary bore sweet | Jesus Christ,
For to | do us sinners | good.
The | rising, etc.

4.

The | holly bears a | prickle,
As | sharp as any | thorn;
And | Mary bore sweet | Jesus Christ,
On | Christmas day in the | morn.
The | rising, etc.

5.

The | holly bears a | bark,
As | bitter as any | gall;
And | Mary bore sweet | Jesus Christ,
For | to redeem us | all.
The | rising, etc.

6.

The | holly and the | ivy,
When | they are both full | grown,
Of | all the trees that are | in the wood,
The | holly bears the | crown.
The | rising, etc.

The Keeper.

WARWICKSHIRE.

For Two Voices.

Collected and Arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.

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Allegro moderato. 1st Voice.

Doh = D.

1. The keep - er did a - shoot-ing go, And un - der his cloak he carried a bow, All for to shoot at a mer-ry little doe A - mong the leaves so green, O. Jackie, boy! Sing ye well!

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 152.

2nd Voice.

Mas - ter! Ve- ry well!

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Hey down, derry, derry down, A - mong the leaves so green, O. To my Ho down, A - mong the leaves so green, O.

hey down, down, Hey down, derry, derry down, A - To my ho down, down, Ho down, A -

After last Verse.

- mong the leaves so green, O.

- mong the leaves so green, O.

After last Verse. Fine.

2 The | first doe he shot | at he missed;
The | second doe he | trimmed he kissed;
The | third doe went where | nobody wist
A- | -mong the leaves so | green, O.
| Jackie, boy! &c.

3 The | fourth doe she did | cross the plain;
The | keeper fetched her | back again;
Where | she is now she | may remain
A- | -mong the leaves so | green, O.
| Jackie, boy! &c.

4 The | fifth doe she did | cross the brook;
The | keeper fetched her | back with his crook;
Where | she is now you must | go and look
A- | -mong the leaves so | green, O.
| Jackie, boy! &c.

5 The | sixth doe she ran | over the plain;
But | he with his hounds did | turn her again,
And it's | there he did hunt in a | merry, merry vein
A- | -mong the leaves so | green, O.
| Jackie, boy! &c.

The Keys of Canterbury.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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He. 3 O Madam, I will give to you a pair of boots of cork,
The one was made in London, the other made in York,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

She. 4 I shall not, Sir, accept of you a pair of boots of cork,
Though both were made in London, or both were made in York.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

He. 5 O Madam, I will give to you a little golden bell,
To ring for all your servants, and make them serve you well,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

She. 6 I shall not, Sir, accept of you a little golden bell,
To ring for all my servants, and make them serve me well.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

He. 7 O Madam, I will give to you a gallant silver chest,
With a key of gold and silver, and jewels of the best,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

She. 8 I shall not, Sir, accept of you a gallant silver chest,
A key of gold and silver, nor jewels of the best.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

He. 9 O Madam, I will give to you a broidered silken gownd,
With nine yards a-drooping and training on the ground,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

She. 10 O Sir, I will accept of you a broidered silken gownd.
With nine yards a-drooping and training on the ground.

Both. Then {I will be your joy, your / you shall be my joy, my} sweet and only dear,
And walk along with {you, / me,} anywhere.

The Lark in the Morn.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Allegretto con grazia.

Doh = G.

As I . . was a - walk - ing one morn-ing in the

{| : | : | : | :s, |d :r |m :s, |d :r |m :r |d :r |m :f }

Allegretto con grazia. ♩=104.

p *p legato.*

Spring, I met a pret - ty dam - sel, so sweet-ly she did sing; And

{|s :— |— :s |s :r |r :m |f :m |r :d |t, :s |s, :s, |s, :— |— :s }

as we were a - walk-ing un - to me this did she say: There is no life like the

{|s :-.m |m :d |d :l, |f :s |l :f |r :d |d :t, |s, :s, |l, :t, |d :r }

mf *cres.*

plough - boy's all in the month of May. The lark in the

{|m :l |s :l |m :d |r :-.t, |d :— |— : | : | :s, |d :r |m :s, }

f *dim.* *p* *p e legato.*

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morn . . she will rise up from her nest, And mount up in the

{|d :r |m :r |d :r |m :f |s :— |— :s |s :r |r :m }

air . . with the dew all on her breast; And like the pret - ty

{|f :m |r :d |t, :s |s, :s, |s, :— |— :s |s :m |m :d }

cres.

plough-boy she will whis - tle and will sing, . . And at night she will re -

{|d :l, |f :s |l :f |r :d |d :t, |s, :s, |l, :t, |d :r }

f *mf*

- turn . . to her own nest back a - gain.

{|m :l |s :l |m :d |r :-.t, |d :— |— : | : | : | : | : ‖

mf *p* *p* *rall. e dim.*

FINE.

The Painful Plough.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected and Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams.

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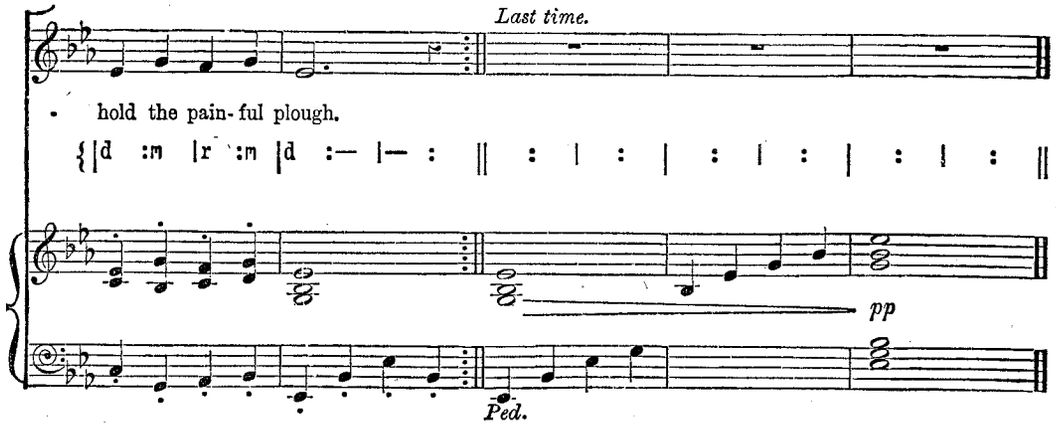

2 "Hold, | ploughman," says the | gard'ner, "don't | count your trade with | ours,
But | walk through the | garden and | view the early | flowers,
Al-|-so the curious | border and | pleasant walks to | view,
There's | no such peace and | plenty pro- | -vided by the | plough."

3 "Hold, | gard'ner," says the | ploughman, "my | calling don't des-|-pise,
Since | each man for his | living up-|-on his trade re-|-lies,
Were | it not for the | ploughman both | rich and poor would | rue,
For | we are all de-|-pendent up-|-on the painful plough."

4 For | Adam was a | ploughman, when | ploughing did be-|-gin,
The | next that did suc-|-ceed him was | Cain the eldest | son;
Some | of their gener-|-ation this | calling now pur-|-sue,
That | bread may not be | wanting, re-|-mains the painful plough.

5 Now | Samson was a | strong man and | Solomon was wise,
Alex-|-ander, for to | conquer, it | was his daily pride;
King | David was a | valiant man | and many thousands | slew,
Yet | none of these brave | heroes could | live without the | plough.

6 Be |-hold the wealthy | merchant that | trades in foreign | seas,
To | bring the gold and | treasure for | those who live at | ease;
To | bring fine silks and | spices, to bring the fruits al-|-so.
They | bring them from the | Indies by | virtue of the | plough.

7 And | then the man that | brings them will | own to what is | true,
We | cannot sail the ocean with-|-out the painful | plough;
For | they must have bread, | biscuit, rice-|-pudding, flour and | peas,
To | feed the jolly | sailors as | they sail o'er the | seas.

8 I | hope there's none of-|-fended with | me for singing | this,
For | it was not in-|-tended for | anything a-|-miss;
If | you consider | rightly you'll | find what I say is | true –
All | trades that I have | mentioned | depend up-|-on the plough.

The red herring.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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2.
What d'ye think I have made with my red herring's eyes?
As jolly old saucers as ever baked pies.
Saucers, pies, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

3.
What d'ye think I have made with my red herring's tail?
As jolly a ship as ever set sail.
Ship, sail, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

4.
What d'ye think I have made with my red herring's ribs?
Why! forty new cradles and fifty new cribs.
Cradles, cribs, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

5.
What d'ye think I have made with my herring's backbone?
As jolly a chopper as ever chopped stone.
Chopper, stone, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

6.
What d'ye think I have made with my red herring's back?
As jolly a hackney as carried a sack.
Hackney, sack, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

7.
What d'ye think I have made with my fish as a whole?
As jolly a waggon as ever hauled coal.
Waggon, coal, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

The Sheep Shearing.

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Allegretto.

Doh = G.

1. How de - light - ful to see, In those eve-nings in Spring, The sheep go - ing home to the fold: The Mas - ter doth sing, As he views ev - 'ry - thing, And his dog goes be - fore him where told, and his dog goes be - fore him where told.

2. The sixth month of the year, In the month call - ed June, When the weather's too hot to be borne, The Mas - ter doth say, As he goes on his way: To - mor - row my sheep shall be shorn, to - mor - row my sheep shall be shorn.

3. Now,

Allegretto. ♩ = 112.

p *p* *dim.* *p* *mf* *p* *colla voce.* *f* *animato.* *f* *p*

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3.

Now, as for those sheep,
They're delightful to see;
They're a blessing to a man on his farm.
For their flesh it is good,
It's the best of all food,
And the wool it will clothe us up warm.

4.

Now, the sheep they're all shorn,
And the wool carried home,
Here's a health to our Master and flock;
And, if we should stay
Till the last goes away,
I'm afraid 'twill be past twelve o'clock.

The Tree in the Wood.

SOMERSET.

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3.
And on this limb there was a branch,
The finest branch you ever did see,
The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

4.
And on this branch there was a nest,
The finest nest you ever did see,
The nest was on the branch,
The branch was on the limb, &c.

5.
And in this nest there was an egg,
The finest egg you ever did see,
The egg was in the nest, &c.

6.
And in this egg there was a yolk,
The finest yolk you ever did see,
The yolk was in the egg, &c.

7.
And in this yolk there was a bird,
The finest bird you ever did see,
The bird was in the yolk, &c.

8.
And on this bird there was a wing,
The finest wing you ever did see,
The wing was on the bird, &c.

9.
And on this wing there was a feather,
The finest feather you ever did see,
The feather was on the wing,
The wing was on the bird,
The bird was in the yolk,
The yolk was in the egg,
The egg was in the nest,
The nest was on the branch,
The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

* This bar is sung twice in the third verse, three times in the fourth verse, four times in the fifth verse, and so on.

Wassail Song.

SOMERSET.

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2 O Master and Missus, are you all within?
Pray open the door and let us all come in.
O Master and Missus, a-sitting by the fire,
Pray think upon poor travellers, a-travelling in the mire.
For it's your wassail! and it's our wassail!
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail!

3 O where is the maid, with the silver headed pin,
To open the door and let us all come in?
O Master and Missus, it is our desire
To have a loaf and cheese, and a toast by the fire.
For it's your wassail! and it's our wassail!
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail!

4 There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And how for to keep her he didn't know how;
He built up a barn for to keep his cow warm,
And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm.
No harm, boys, harm; no harm, boys, harm;
And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm

5 The girt dog of Langport* he burnt his long tail,
And this is the night we go singing wassail!
O Master and Missus, now we must be gone;
God bless all in this house till we do come again.
For it's your wassail! and it's our wassail!
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail!

* The "great" or "black dog" probably refers to the Danes who were a great menace to Langport. Their defeat by Alfred was therefore a great relief to the people of Langport who may well have celebrated its anniversary with revelry.

William Taylor.

SOMERSET.

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Con vivo.

Doh = G.

1. Wil - liam Tay-lor was a brisk young sail - or;

Con vivo. ♩=100.

He who court-ed a la - dy fair; Bells were ring - ing, sail - ors sing - ing,

As to church they did re - pair. 2. Thir - ty cou - ple

at the wed - ding; All were dressed in rich ar - ray; 'Stead of Wil - liam

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be - ing mar - ried, He was pressed and sent a - way.

3. She dressed up in .. man's ap - par - el, Man's ap - par - el she put on;

And she fol - lowed her true lov - er; For to find him she is gone.

1st and 2nd times. *3rd time.*

4 | Then the Captain | stepped up to her,
| Asking her: What's | brought you here?
| I am come to | seek my true love,
| Whom I lately | loved so dear.

5 | If you've come to | see your true love,
| Tell me what his | name may be.
| O, his name is | William Taylor,
| From the Irish | ranks came he."

6 | You rise early to-|-morrow morning,
| You rise at the | break of day;
| Then you'll see your | true love William
| Walking with a | lady gay.

7 | She rose early the | very next morning,
| She rose up at | break of day;
| There she saw her | true love William,
| Walking with a | lady gay.

8 | Sword and pistol | she then ordered
| To be brought at | her command;
| And she shot her | true love William,
| With the bride on | his right arm.

9 | If young folks in | Wells or London
| Were | served the same as | she served he,
| Then young girls would | all be undone;
| Very scarce young | men would be!

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Creation's Hymn ... ... Beethoven
Crusaders ... ... Schubert
Evening Song ... ... Mendelssohn
Fairest Isle ... ... Purcell
First violet, The ... ... Mendelssohn
Fisherman, The ... ... Schubert
Forget me not ... W. Sterndale Bennett
Greeting ... ... Mendelssohn
Hark! hark! the lark ... ... Schubert
Hear thou my weeping ... ... Handel
Hey, Baloo!... ... ... Schumann
May-dew ... ... W. Sterndale Bennett
May Song ... ... Mendelssohn
Mermaid's Song, The ... ... Haydn
My mother bids me bind my hair Haydn
O for the wings of a dove Mendelssohn
O sunny beam ... ... Schumann
Rose, softly blooming ... ... Spohr
Say, ye who borrow ... ... Mozart
Slumber Song ... ... Mendelssohn
Song of May, A ... ... Beethoven
Sun of the sleepless ... Mendelssohn
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Whither ... ... Schubert
Who is Sylvia? ... ... Schubert

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By Celia's Arbour (The Garland) Mendelssohn
Coming of Spring, The ... ... Schumann
Cradle Song ... ... Schubert
Evening Star, The ... ... Schumann
Fisher's Song ... ... Schubert
Free Mind, The ... ... Schumann
Garland, The (By Celia's Arbour) Mendelssohn
Gentle zephyr ... W. Sterndale Bennett
Holiday on the Rhine, A... ... Schumann
Huntsman, rest ... ... Schubert
I love thee ... ... Beethoven
Joy of Spring, The ... Mendelssohn
Know'st thou the land? ... ... Beethoven
Lay of the imprisoned huntsman Schubert
Litany ... ... Schubert
Lord, at all times I will bless Thee Mendelssohn
Lotos Flower, The ... ... Schumann
O star of Eve ... ... Wagner
Old German Spring Song (Frühlingslied) Mendelssohn
On Wings of Song ... Mendelssohn
Rose among the heather ... ... Schubert
Sailor's Song, The ... ... Haydn
Slumber, beloved ... ... Bach
Smiling dawn of happy days, The Handel
Thou art repose ... ... Schubert
Though far away ... ... Mendelssohn
Thou'rt like unto a flower ... Schumann
To Music ... ... Schubert
Trust in Spring ... ... Schubert
Two Grenadiers, The ... ... Schumann
Wanderer's Night-Song ... ... Schubert
Where'er you walk ... ... Handel
Where the Bee sucks ... ... Arne

VOLUME III.

THIRTY-EIGHT CLASSICAL SONGS

Art thou troubled (Dove sei) ... Handel
But the Lord is mindful of His own Mendelssohn
Butterfly, The ... ... Cornelius
Courage ... ... Schubert
Dawn, gentle flower W. Sterndale Bennett
Deep treasur'd in my heart ... Schumann
Erlaf-lake ... ... Schubert
Fishermaiden, The ... ... Schubert
Full-orbed moon, The ... ... Schubert
Good-night, my dearest child ... Brahms
Greeting to Spring, A ... ... Schumann
How beautiful are the feet ... Handel
I will sing of Thy great mercies Mendelssohn
In May ... ...Schumann
Know'st thou the land? ... ... Schubert
Lark, The ... ...Rubinstein
Let the bright Seraphim ... ... Handel
Little Sandman, The ... ... Brahms
Lord of our being (Sorge nel petto) Handel
Memory, A ... ... Brahms
Morning Song ... ... Mendelssohn
Nazareth ... ... Gounod
Nymphs and Shepherds ... ... Purcell
O my love's like the red, red rose Schumann
O rest in the Lord ... ... Mendelssohn
O think of me ... ... Cornelius
Ode to joy ... ... Schubert
Oft in my dreams ... ... Cornelius
Oh! had I Jubal's lyre ... ... Handel
Out over the Forth ... ...Schumann
Peace ... ... Schubert
Sandman, The ... ...Schumann
Secrets ... ... Schubert
Sing, Maiden, sing ... W. Sterndale Bennett
Spring advancing (Frühlingsglaube) Mendelssohn
Swallow's flying west, The ... Brahms
Trout, The ... ... Schubert
Violets ... ... Cornelius

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Children at play ... ... Mozart
Come let us all this day ... ...Bach
Flower thou resemblest, A ... Rubinstein
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Gentle touch, The... ... ... Goetz
Greenwood calls, The ... ... Schubert
Harper's Song, The ... ... Schubert
I attempt from love's sickness ... Purcell
It was a lover ... ... Morley
Jerusalem ... ... Mendelssohn
Lass with the delicate air, The ... ...Arne
Legend ... ... Tchaikovsky
Like to a linden tree ... ... Dvorák
Longing ... ... Schubert
Lullaby ... ... Brahms
My heart ever faithful ... ...Bach
Now fades the sun's last lingering ray Franz
O come, do not delay (" The Marriage of Figaro ") Mozart
Organ-grinder, The ... ... Schubert
Orpheus with his lute ... ... Sullivan
Prepare thyself, Zion ... ...Bach
Serenade ... ... Gounod
Shepherds, The ... ... Cornelius
Tender wood-dove ... ... Gounod
Under the greenwood tree ... ...Arne
Violet, The ... ... Mozart
Walnut tree, The ... ...Schumann
When all was young (" Faust ") Gounod
When daisies pied ... ...Arne

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I'll sail upon the dog-star... ... Purcell
In the golden morn ... ... Tschaikowsky
King of Thule, The... ... ... Berlioz
Knotting Song, The ... ... Purcell
Ladybird ... ...Schumann
Let me wander ... ... Handel
Little Spinner, The ... ... Mozart
Lonely am I now ... ... Weber
Lovely woods ... ... Lully
Or let the merry bells ... ... Handel
Questioning ... ... Salvator Rosa
Serenade, A ... ... Schubert
Shepherd, The ... ... Weber
Shepherds and Maidens ... ... Lotti
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